

Published Aug. 4, 1901. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1885. Price 50 Cts. Terms in Advance. What Edition Shall I Buy?

THE BORROWING MAIDEN

BY HAZEL

Rising higher, higher, higher!
Till it reached the clouds of even,
Floating onward, ever onward,
Till it rested up in heaven.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I

"A very simple answer," said she with a sweet, bright smile. "That it is always happy enough for me to be with you and Uncle

A few words will tell you why she was so dear to my heart. Her father, George Bolton, married my favorite sister, who died when Edith was just three years old. I begged and pleaded for this child, especially as her father was in the navy, and would of necessity be long separated from her, but all in vain. He died in action. Now you see how the name came.

The second or dominant class possesses two kinds of resemblance to the first, although arising from widely different motives—the determination not to increase or extend its acquaintance, and the unwillingness to seek information on any point. But it is most evident that this similarity extends only to the line of action; the dissimilarity arises in the latter case.

As they talked, I walked on, and leaning against a neighboring tree, drank in the exclusive loveliness of the whole scene in silence—rank after rank, range after range, of different heights, rose upon every side—here a gap, there another, on one side the central thrust of the

"That wasn't fair, Aunt Ellen," said she, the pink blood mantling in her cheek; "you took me unawares."

"No great harm done," said I, kissing her, and thinking I had never seen her looking prettier.

"I will promise not to tell Uncle Albert," she said, and heaved a sigh.

CHAPTER 10

"No great harm done," said I, kissing her, and thinking I had never seen her looking prettier. "I will promise not to tell Uncle Albert, so that you shall not be teased."

BY E. L. COMSTOCK

...the ...
...of the ...

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER I

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

"My dear, I would not have my wife mix
socially with theatrical people, simply because

...and making one. Not one half the world

the year, and has also brought us to the
of the island. He gave. Through them, I

...the through to the latter's side. Lifting
escape from the face, the features of the first
hand are revealed, while the millions shiver
shakes beneath the thrilling anguish of her

cry, and the old doctor of his laugh. From the corner she finally pushed a smiling man, and the crowd broke.

"I am cold with distress, great drops of perspiration standing on my brow. There was no more of horror in this to be—no wild reality in his delirium. She had well contained the character of her place, both in writing and action. Driven to madness, seemed an appropriate title for what I had witnessed, and I rose to leave the theatre with a heavy heart.

"I understood your story now, indeed," I said to her the day following. "And why did you not tell me so?"

"Because my experience had been the reverse. By order of the public, if I had any suspicion of a general history being woven in my tale, would have been from the track, and come to confront me with a story on the opposite extreme. To give a true story, however, I was alone, forlorn, and miserable. It is all past now, however, so I will bid adieu to the subject."

JENNY MOORE

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BARBARA JOHN

I loved thee, oh, so dearly,
Jenny Moore!
The star that shined so clearly
Shed shadows o'er
Deep in my heart the vision
Of our love and our
Sweet dreams, and love's destiny—
Dreams of Jenny Moore!

The blue-eyed morning glory
O'er the window old,
Where I trembled told my story,
You thought me not too bold,
That dear, dear spot forever!
When closely to my side,
You promised to be mine, Jenny,
My own, my faithful bride.

Thou wast lovelier than the spring time,
Jenny Moore!
Sweeter far than olden thyme,
Answered gently "evermore."
Oh! my heart was filled with sunshine,
Bringing o'er and o'er,
For thy love was like a wine,
Dazzling Jenny Moore!

Oh, fairest! best! forever!
Daring Jenny Moore!
Why should death our hearts thus sever?
Never, never!
Oh! sweet to remember
My own full of bliss,
That bright day in December
When I won the bride!

Love! and lovely Jenny Moore!
Now I sit and weep,
Dreaming, dreaming, o'er and o'er,
Gently down then sleep,
While the lily of the valley
Waves above thy head,
Leaving me and gentle Alice,
Living remembrance of the dead.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY J. ALLEN.

A very dreary place it was—a basement room in the rear of a large tenement house, its one window looking out into a back yard where a down ragged, unkempt children were playing—Irish, German, American, and among the rest, one little negro boy, his black face shining with jollity. A dreary enough place, the room of which I have spoken, the most undesirable in the house, and therefore the lowest priced. In one corner stood a tumble-down bedstead, in another a rickety table, while one side was occupied by a stove which was as much a place being supplied by blocks piled one upon another. Near the stove, upon a shelf against the wall, was a meagre assortment of dishes, and underneath these a still more meagre display of cooking utensils; while in the centre of the room, upon an old chair turned down to serve as a bench, stood a tub half full of clothes over which a girl of perhaps fourteen years was bending.

A very ordinary looking girl you would have called her. And the was! Not at all graceful or interesting—girl of that age are not apt to be, even with the advantages of dress and careful culture; and Martha Reynolds possessed neither. Awkward and unformed, with a dull complexion, small eyes and lustreless brown hair, which, with proper care, would have been pretty. An ordinary looking girl, looking even the animation that makes youth attractive; compelled to drudge day by day at the most menial work. The bottles of hot water over the fire, the slop pail, the tub and washboard, told the story. She was a sort of sub-lavender; that is, one whom Mrs. Bridget Flynn, the landlady, who lived in another part of the house, employed to get up the plates of the clothes which she took in, repairing, of course, a wide margin of profit for herself. But this morning the plain face was an added shade of gravity, for Mrs. Flynn had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and if she died and the customers took their work to other places, what was to become of Martha, who feared, not without reason, that people would be unwilling to trust their clothes to so young and inexperienced a girl. The prospect looked dark enough.

Beside the window, looking out with longing eyes upon the noisy game going on in the yard, stood a square, dusky little girl of six years—Martha's sister Gertrude, or Gertie, as everybody called her. An odd looking child, crumpled in a dress a world too short for her, the belt coming just under her arms. She had a round, rosy face, and a vigorous pair of lungs, if one might judge from her shouts at some of the specimens of ground and left tumbling around by one of the boys outside.

Presently some one knocked at the door. Chubby-face ran to open it. A young man stood on the threshold—tall, blue-eyed, and handsome enough for a prince. A gentleman, evidently, for he had his hat in the young girl's hand, and she was looking at him with an air of awe.

"This is Mrs. Martha Reynolds, I believe," Martha blushed in embarrassment. No one had ever called her Mrs. Reynolds before, and

she was not accustomed to meet persons of his grade in life.

"Yes, sir; that is my name," she said.

"Miss Reynolds," Mr. Flynn said to her, "this is Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, who have just moved into the house, and I am sure you will be glad to see them. They are very nice people, and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mr. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mrs. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mr. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mrs. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

The girl looked relieved and accepted readily. The young man passed a moment to warm his hands before the fire, and then he turned to the girl, who had been looking at him with an air of awe. He spoke to her in a friendly way, and she looked up at him with a smile. He was a handsome young man, with dark hair and a strong jaw. He was wearing a suit of dark cloth, and a white shirt with a high collar. He was looking at the girl with a smile, and she looked up at him with a smile.

"I am glad to see you," Mr. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mrs. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mr. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

"I am glad to see you," Mrs. Reynolds said, "and I am sure you will like them."

He wondered what the future had in store for her. What possibilities there might be in her nature which favorable circumstances would have developed. He talked of many things in his pleasant, attractive way—trying her. Saw the dark eyes slowly brighten with interest, the dull face gradually wake to animation. His experiment had succeeded.

Going home through the gathering gloom of the cold December evening to the pleasant house where he, and his uncle, and his cousin Grace boarded, he contrasted its brightness and elegance, and comfort, with the squalor he had just left; and the welcome awaiting him with the dreary, friendless existence of Martha Reynolds; and pondering these things he made a resolution.

Martha came regularly, twice a week, to receive and return Mr. Belt's clothes. Her employer had always some pleasant remark or an inquiry after little Gertie; and the solitary girl learned to watch for his bright smile and kindly greeting as the traveller in a desert land watches for the green oasis of verdure in the wastes of sand.

The soft carpets, the elegant pictures, and costly furniture that adorned Mrs. Grant's house; the rich garments, and graceful ways of Miss Grace Edwards, whom she often met flitting through halls and doorways, all seemed like a vision of enchantment to Martha Reynolds. Little by little she came to be more careful of her own personal appearance; to keep her hair nicely arranged, her clothes more neatly mended. She noticed, too, that the family at Mrs. Grant's, and even the servants, used very different language from that which she was accustomed to hear among the people who lived in her own neighborhood; and, lastly, without bestowing any special thought upon the subject, she glided into a way of speaking and acting that seemed well for her future improvement.

Charles Belt was narrowly observing all these indications of a natural good taste and correct principle which he felt sure foreshadowed the development of a glorious womanhood.

On the last day of the year, Martha presented herself as usual at Mrs. Grant's house. When she entered Mr. Belt's room he called her attention to a package on his writing-table, telling her, laughingly, to open it and see what it contained.

She obeyed, wondering, and brought to view a little girl's dress, cloak, and hood, all prettily trimmed to match, and a pair of strong but pretty shoes.

"These are for little Gertie," he said.

Her eyes sparkled.

"Thank you, sir, a thousand, thousand times!" she smiled at her benefactor.

"You are very welcome, Mattie. Here is something else; a New Year's gift for you," handing her a dainty volume bound in blue and gold.

"A New Year's gift for me! For my very own?"

"Yes, for you if you will accept it," he said, gently.

"You are very good, sir. No one was ever so kind to me before," her lips trembling a little, her face aglow with gratitude.

With an impulsive movement, he took the little brown hand in his, and bending his proud head till the cheekbones touched her dark

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.
SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.
UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE

MRS. BELLA E. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND BEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY into its columns. The popular verdict.

EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "FRANKIE BIRD," "THE REVENGE," "CLARA HOWLAND," &c., &c.
has been engaged, at a great expense, in a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that remote region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

- SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:
- WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE FENOT, Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
MRS. LUTHER CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of "Tide, Tied, and the Other," &c.
STEPHEN PAUL SHERWELL, Author of "Five Mile," &c.
MR. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
MRS. A. D. F. WHITEHEAD, Author of "Fifth Garrison's Girlhood," &c.
ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY, Author of "Glorious White's Return," &c.
BELLA E. SPENCER, Author of "Ora," &c.
MR. M. F. TUCKER, Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, Author of "The Fields of our Fathers," &c.
MRS. ELIZA SPENCER TURNER, Author of "Antagonisms," &c.
CLARA AUGUSTA, Author of "The Fields of our Fathers," &c.
MISS A. L. MURPHY, Author of "The Fields of our Fathers," &c.
BRATTON COLONEL, Author of "The Fields of our Fathers," &c.
MRS. MARGARET HOMER, Author of "The Merryman," &c.
HARRIS BYRNE, Author of "South American Sketches," &c.
All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with
- ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little cost, we make the following liberal offer:

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:

1. Twenty copies of THE POST, one year, and the Sewing Machine, \$75.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, \$85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, \$95.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of \$2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and Twenty Dollars in addition, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add Ten Dollars to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become disappointed with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

IF in all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, \$2.50
Two copies, one year, \$5.00
Three copies, one year, \$7.50
Four copies, one year, \$10.00
Five copies, one year, \$12.50
Six copies, one year, \$15.00
Seven copies, one year, \$17.50
Eight copies, one year, \$20.00
Nine copies, one year, \$22.50
Ten copies, one year, \$25.00
Eleven copies, one year, \$27.50
Twelve copies, one year, \$30.00
Thirteen copies, one year, \$32.50
Fourteen copies, one year, \$35.00
Fifteen copies, one year, \$37.50
Sixteen copies, one year, \$40.00
Seventeen copies, one year, \$42.50
Eighteen copies, one year, \$45.00
Nineteen copies, one year, \$47.50
Twenty copies, one year, \$50.00

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

hair, he kissed her once on the cheek—not passionately, as a man kisses the woman whose husband he hoped to be, but with a grave, protesting tenderness as he would have kissed the sister whose golden head was lying under the daisies in a far-off country churchyard.

Martha Reynolds never forgot that career, nor the man who had stretched forth his hand to help her out of the slough of despair and degradation into which she had been surely sinking. And years afterward, when Martha Reynolds by resolute effort had risen slowly but surely to a proud position of honor and usefulness, a small volume, bound in blue and gold, was one of her most valued possessions, and the same uttered most fervently in her petitions to the Throne of Grace was that of her first and truest friend and benefactor, Charles Belt.

Their paths in life lay far apart now. He was married to a famous beauty whose praise was on every tongue in the city where they resided. While the girl who had been his landlady, was a well-known authoress and the inheritor of a fortune bequeathed to her by a lady who had known and loved her.

It was Christmas time, and the hospital ward was decked with evergreens in each profusion, that the whole place had a fragrant, woody smell, like a forest of pine or cedar. There were men in that long row of hospital beds who would never see another Christmas. Men grieved of frame and ghostly of features, with sunken, bloodshot eyes, and lips parched with fever. Others slowly approaching convalescence, to

whom the faint, cheerful stir of festivity recalled other Christmases, kept with old-fashioned merriment at northern homesteads, with gifts and good wishes, and dear home faces, and the visits of that patron saint of childhood, Santa Claus. It was pleasant to remember them all, even if they could never come again. And sometimes thinking of those old, happy days, the words traced on the wall in letters of living greenery, seemed instinct with a new meaning.

"Peace on earth—good will to men."

It would surely come some day. Not a servile peace, gained by cowardice, but a peace born of victory—of the triumph of Right over the hosts of Wrong and Error. A peace that would endure until the "heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll, and the end of all things earthly come." These were many of those pallid heroes who had faith to believe it.

"Miss Reynolds, Dr. Blair says, will you please to come into the next room for a moment. He wishes to see you particularly."

She arose and walked slowly down the aisle—a lovely woman, with dark, true, steadfast eyes, dressed in some soft, gray material, with ruffles of delicate lace at her throat and wrist, and a single diamond glittering on one white hand.

A lovely woman, as I said, very unlike the Martha Reynolds of those earlier years; the awkward figure had given grace and fine outline; the dull complexion had become clear; the thick, dark, lustreless hair was glossy and beautiful now, while over all was the quiet ease and serene grace of ladyhood. Very young she was for a hospital nurse, but Dr. Blair, a blunt,

physician old man, was also an excellent judge of character, and he had almost instinctively confidence in her ability. Whatever he had a particularly critical case to attend to, Miss Reynolds was always called upon.

The war had surprised, startled, when the physician told her that a man had just been brought in with a compound fracture of the leg.

"He's a captain in one of the Ohio regiments, I believe. Poor fellow! I'm afraid it will be hard with him. He's been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down on the Yancey river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a 'river of death' to him one day. His condition is just about what it is at present, but I am not at all sure that it will not be a matter of a few days."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds, firmly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I must say so, you are not at all qualified to take care of him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I am not a child, Doctor. I will take charge of him."

The doctor's face brightened at her response.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make a splendid surgeon. You have the right kind of nerve, and you are not at all afraid of blood. He had been on duty down

A dramatic, high-contrast black and white illustration. On the left, a man in a dark, long coat and a hat stands in a doorway, looking down towards the ground. In the foreground, a figure lies motionless on the ground, partially obscured by shadows. The background shows a dark, atmospheric scene with a building facade and a large, dark, rounded object, possibly a barrel or a piece of furniture, in the center. The style is reminiscent of a woodcut or a high-contrast photograph, with deep blacks and bright whites, creating a somber and mysterious mood.

SUCH A CLEVER DOG!

A WOMAN.